

FOR THE VALENTINE PARTY.

Four-Year-Old Cherubs as Ushers at
Valentine Reception.

TAKE SHOTS AT A RED HEART.

Guests' Names in Puzzle Form Determine
Cottillion Partners—The Choice of
Partners or Valentines the
Feature.

There is just time between this date and February 14th for the socially inclined to issue invitations for a Valentine party. If the company is not to be a very large one, there is also time to design appropriate cards upon which to inscribe the invitation. Heart shaped foundations with Cupids playing snatches of familiar love songs—the music of which may be written out in a couple of decorative bars—lover's knots, wedding rings and, perhaps, bells, are all good schemes for such an occasion. If, however, a party of thirty or forty is to be invited, it would be better to defer the arduous task of decorating cards, and to keep them for the evening when the great event occurs.

Once the invitations are issued, the prospective hostess may devote all her time to preparations for the entertainment of the guests, and the more original ideas she can gather, and the more unique, and at the same time appropriate, each form of amusement may appear, the better for her reputation as a hostess.

One of the leaders of the social set in this city has already planned a cottillion for the celebration of the day. She has chosen to make Cupid the theme of decoration, and around him she will weave all the variations of design which her own and her friends' ingenuity can devise. When her guests arrive, they will be admitted, as usual, by a colored porter, but on stepping inside, they will be greeted by Cupid himself, who directs them, with the aid of an arrow where to go to remove their wraps.

Cupid, in this case, is the hostess' little four-year-old daughter dressed in flesh colored tights and wings, and with her cherub face and curly head she will look the part to perfection. Any one who is not blessed with such a daughter can usually borrow one from a friend. Indeed, for her chorus of six Cupids, the clever hostess above mentioned has hired a half-dozen chubby little five-year-olds from the mission school. These she will clothe in pink tights with a sash running from the shoulder and tying at the left hip, and from it will suspend a quiver of arrows. She will personally train her inveterate Cupids to sing a striking love song appropriate to the occasion, at stated intervals during the evening.

Appropriate valentine cottillion favors are boutonnieres of flowers whose significance is explained on a tiny fold of paper, concealed between the blossoms, which must not be opened until after the partner is chosen and receives the favor, whereupon he unfolds and reads the words therein inscribed, to his own satisfaction and perhaps to the confusion of the fair donor. A pink carnation, for instance, means a woman's love. Carnations have been known in which incidents as these were fraught with the most fatal consequences, for if the maiden happens to feel any of the sentiments thus floridly expressed, there is danger that she may betray the fact when suddenly confronted with the chance coincidence.

One of the games, which is somewhat suggested of the donkey party, is both amusing and exciting, for the winner not only receives a prize, but also an assurance that she will be the first of the company to wed. It is played with tiny bows and arrows which can easily be made at home. Only two bows are needed, one for the men, and one for the women of the party. If nothing better can be found of which to make the bows, pieces of whalebone will serve. As many arrows as there are guests will be needed, and they may be made into attractive souvenirs with a little care in whitening and decorating them. They are nicest when made of wood with strings of beads done in red ink and the initials or full name of the guest for whom each is intended inscribed with lead pencil. If all the arrows are not perfectly made, however, it is better to leave them unlabeled, allowing each to choose an arrow upon which the name may be written before using. Each arrow is provided with a pin at the end which sticks to whatever it strikes in the shape of a target. The target in this case is a big red heart cut from turkey red print and fastened on a large sheet that is tacked to the wall. In this matrimonial contest the young women have the first trial. Each one takes her turn, standing at a distance of about six feet from the heart, and, after marking her arrow, aims it at the very center of the target. After all have had a trial, the punctured heart is inspected, and the one whose arrow struck nearest to the center wins the prize as well as the congratulations of her friends for being the first prospective bride of the company.

The men next have an opportunity to test their marksmanship in archery and matters of the heart. If by any chance the winner on this side of the party should happen to be interested in the prize girl in the contest, their friends will find a great deal of amusement in the circumstance.

The real event of the occasion, however, is the choice of partners or valentines for the evening. This is done by lot, or perhaps, it would be more in keeping with the spirit of the day to say "by fate." In a room adjoining that in which the refreshments are served there will be a large bowl filled with envelopes containing valentines for everybody. There will be pink envelopes for the girls, and white ones for the men. Inside each envelope is a card decorated with cupids and other lovey-dovey things, and inscribed with a puzzle or conundrum which, when guessed, stands for the name of some member of the party. After drawing, everybody begins to guess, and each man, upon discovering the fair one whose name is thus enigmatically expressed, invites her to take refreshments with him and be his valentine for the remainder of the evening. The envelopes which the young women draw contain the names of those upon whom they are to bestow the first favor in the cottillion.

At a similar party given last year this method of choosing partners was found both amusing and satisfactory. Some of the plays upon the names of guests were decidedly clever. Miss Waters was fittingly designated as "The daughter of the Mississippi," a logical deduction from the term, "Father of Waters," commonly applied to the grand old river. Miss Parks, who is small and from Boston, was called "A bit of cultured nature." Sometimes it was necessary to divide a long name and give significations to the different parts, as for instance, "Mr. Appleton was set down a 'A common fruit and very weighty'—which didn't happen to fit but that made it all the more amusing.

Quotations come in very handy in selecting sentences to suggest the various names, as in the case of Mr. King whose inscription was "Every inch

a—," and it was easy to fill the blank. If the name withstands all attempts to pun upon it or to find a historical character that will suggest it, the despairing hostess may merely write it out, and the lucky one who draws it will be saved the trouble of "working his mind."

A. L. W.

When Jim Come Home From College.

When Jim come home from college, waal, I allus hate tur say
So very much consarnin' that ere mortifyin' day.
But somehow in the evenin', when a neighbor straggles in,
I ruther like tur rezerect that sarcasm—
stance ag'in.
He heh'n' be'n home fur three hull years,
becuz, his letters said,
He'd rather save his money fur his college work instead.
An' 'Til an' I wuz proud uv him, an' scribbled an' worked each day.
Tew eddericate our Jimmy in the most proficient way.

When Jim come home from college 'twuz a day uv ednral joy.
Gungawamp led allus loved that harum scarum boy.
An' off an' on the Hawkeye an' Gungawamp Gazette
Hed professed that James Bellow would be a scholar yet.
An' neighbors sort uv fixed theirselves an' made excuse tur stay
When Jim wuz 'spected home from school, the long remembered day.
Waal, I druv ter the station fur the local mornin' train.
An' waited fur her cumin' with a sort uv happy pain.
A-swellin' in my buzzum, 'cuz, jest like a durn'd ol' fool,
I wuz proud uv my investment which I'd made off there tur school.

An' I joked the station master, and cut a wing or tew
When I hed the local whistle, an' she swung round inter view.
Waal, a cussed doom alighted, but I didn't stop fur him.
I jogged erlong down further lookin' everywhere fur Jim.
An' when the train departed I wuz feelin' purty blue.
When the idjit with the glasses sez, "Bah Jove, ol' bhoys, how do!"
It's me, Qu'nah; Jones, don' chirk'now, aw yaas, aw yaas, aw yaas."
An' ef I hedn' hollered he'd be'n awin' yit, I guess.
I looked him over, neck an' heels, an' eyed him threw an' threw.
An' when I foun' my voice I sez, "By thunder, is this yew?"
"Aw, yaas," sez he, but I spake up, "Git in the waggin' there, 'willers,' not throw the street, I swear!"

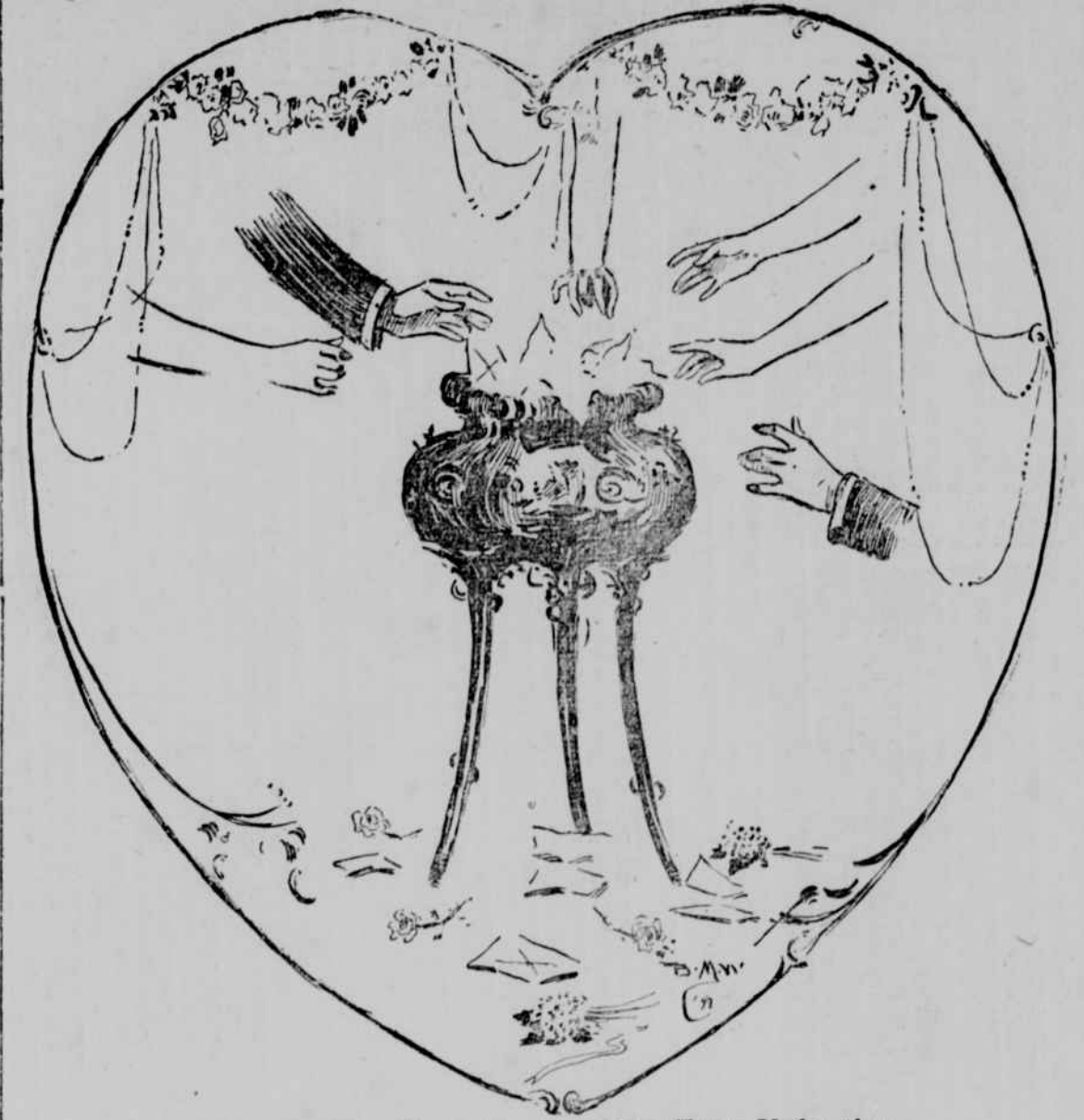
An' so we rode in silence hope, 'cept when Jim said, "Bah Jove!"
Ez Mandy Jones peeked out at us from in the Cedar Grove.
But I warn't much affected tho', 'Til 'Til there at the gate
Wuz waitin', like an ankil, fur thet goodish reprobate.
An' when I saw her countenance go down like snow in May,
I felt like thrashin' Jim Bellow an' turnin' him away.
But mother, waal, she ain't like me, she kissed him with a sigh.
An' thought thet she could civilize him mebbe by an' by.
The neighbors thet wuz sorry, an' they sort uv slunk away.
An' the grand reception fixzed on thet long remembered day.

Yaas, they left us all alone with Jim, our college graduate.
Where, is he now? Waal, really, I allus kinder hate
Tur speak uv it, becuz, yew see, it teches me in here.
An' we ain't seen him, hev we, 'Til fur somethin' like a year.
But then, he's welcome, jest the same, ez welcome ez kin be.
Altho' he's riz tur prezzerdunt uv thet university.
Prezzerdunt! Yaas, sir—foolud us good? Waal, I should say.
When he come home from college on thet lone remembered day.
—Joe Cone, in New York Herald.

Lingerie of the Woman of Fashion

Blouse Chemise With Lace Shirt Fronts—Garters in Roman Stripes
With Four-Leaf Clover Buckles.

To those who can barely afford the outer semblance of wealth, descriptions of fashionable lingerie seem like a hollow mockery, and a scoffing at one's limitations. In proportion to its apparent value, nothing is so costly as ready-made under-



Fate Guides Each Hand to the True Valentine.

wear—except, of course, the garments of fine mull and lace that are made to order.

The average woman, who yearns, as all rightly constituted women do, for dainty petticoats and their en suite accompaniments is forced to use her own

like outside apparel as possible. A night dress of the latest style might be worn for a lounging wrapper a circumstance which may be a development of the fashionable lady's fondness for taking her breakfast in bed, or sitting up in her boudoir. Even night robes have followed

yet are fashionable. The sleeves are formed of bands of insertion running around the arm like those in the blouse. The skirt of the gown is gathered on at the waist just like any ordinary dress, except that it is much looser than day clothes. A ribbon ties around the waist

and hangs in ends about twelve inches long.

The gowns with waists and skirts are technically termed "Marguerites;" those hanging straight from the neck are known as "empire" in the name of the shop girl. The empire night dress is a more general favorite than the other, because it is more comfortable to sleep in—a quality which should not be forgotten in the manufacture of the ideal sleeping robe. A pink silk gown of the empire cut stories in a new kind of sleeve, which is extremely becoming to a pretty arm, mainly because it affords a good opportunity to see it. It consists of three flounces set in at the shoulder, the under one being longest, the middle one a little shorter, and the top one shortest of all. Each is edged with narrow valencienne lace, and the effect of the whole is that of a sleeve for a ball dress.

White gowns made in the same style as the pink one just described have longer ruffles which grow narrower towards the top of the shoulder. These are made of the finest muslin and mull, as anything coarse or heavy would be uncomfortable as well as ungraceful. The wise and thrifty woman will not wear such a gown, even if she is so fortunate as to have it, until the hot July days, when one wants a cool lounging gown about everything else, and this one, so daintily trimmed with lace, will serve as well as a morning wrapper especially designed for the purpose.

There is more excuse for the chemise with waist and skirt than for the night dress of that style, because it is so frequently used as a corset cover. Some of the prettiest of these are made with horizontal stripes of insertion forming a sort of shirt bosom in front. This can be made separately and then inserted into the ordinary chemise. As a rule, the new set of these garments are rather plain around the neck—the flounce that formerly fell from the top of the corset having been discarded in anticipation of tighter fitting dress waists than the Russian blouse.

Feminine taste frequently runs to silk for the choicest lingerie, its soft richness appealing to a natural fondness for elegance. White China silk is a more general favorite, but pink, blue, and heliotrope are also worn. A white silk chemise trimmed with duchess lace seems the acme of luxury in underwear, and should be reserved for weddings and other great occasions.

Plain white chemise and corset covers are simply trimmed around the neck and sleeves with a narrow piece of embroidery, through the edges of which baby ribbon is run and tied in bows.

Garters have come out in Roman stripes and plaids like everything else. The new garter buckle is a four-leaf clover under a crystal like those which both men and women have been wearing for watch-chains and chateleines. The sentiment against round garters is growing stronger as the athletic interest spreads. It is simply impossible to endure the stoppage of circulation when one is taking violent exercise. Hence the up-and-down style grows in favor. Folks who have buckles intended for the round style can put them on the strap just above the fork of the garter. A striped pair of this kind has a rosette of Roman stripe ribbon where the garter forks, and the straps which form the fork are also made of ribbon. A four-leaf clover gold buckle is set on above the rosette, and the clasps which fasten to the stockings are also of gold. The same style may be had with silver buckles and clasps for three dollars and a half.

An Old Almanack.

Of old almanacks (spelled with a "k") still existing and issued in the original shape, the oldest and quaintest is the handbook of fact, prognostication and information that 1799 farmers' families swear by—an old, old volume, published annually at Hagerstown, Md., with the same quaint features and odd wood cuts now as first appeared in its pages on the date of its first issue, January 1, 1797. The founder of the Hagerstown Almanack was one John Gruber, a scholar and physician.

GOOD DEEDS LEFT BEHIND.

Rich Women Who Summer in Newport
Remember Its Poor.

THESE BOB-TAIL TROLLEY CARS.

Ice Boating a New Sport Introduced By
Col. Norman—"Dives" Forget-
teth Not Lazarus in
the Winter.

Winter visitors to Newport will be surprised by two things—one, that the Sound steamers are frequently so badly crowded that passengers are compelled to seek rest on the mattress of mid-summer, the other, that the town is not nearly so dead as they expected it to be.

It is true that the mansions of the millionaires on Bellevue avenue are closed, and as forbidding in their aspect as in summer, when guarded by gentlemen of color. There are, however, a few rich people who live in Newport the year round, and form the native aristocracy of the place.

The Normans, of Boston, also of waterworks' fame, spend much of their time on the "Isle of Peace"—which, by the way, answers to its Indian name much better now than it will a few months hence.

One of the young Normans, known as Colonel Norman, because he was on the Rhode Island governor's staff, has introduced ice-boating as a winter amusement for himself and the other residents. It is the first time that an ice-boat has been seen there, and his friends take very kindly to it. They go sailing on the little reservoir which is close by the "Eastern Beach"—not a very exciting recreation, to go round and round so small a pond, but it is easier than skating and can be indulged at the same time, as a rest from that active exercise.

The street cars are even more provincial in winter than in summer. The bob-tailed horse car, though fast becoming extinct, is familiar to all of us, but the bob-tailed trolley car is peculiar to Newport, so far as present reports extend. One's sympathies, or temper, according to digestion, are aroused over the struggles of the conductor of the ordinary car to keep the trolley in place, but when the Newport car gets "off its trolley," and the motorman deliberately fixes the brake and as deliberately gets down off the platform to walk around the car before anything can be done towards adjusting the pole, why then, one begins to appreciate the use of a street car conductor whose only function may have heretofore appeared to us to spend itself in telling us to "step lively" when there was no place to step, and to turn a deaf ear to our frantic appeals to stop. The accommodating disposition of the Newport motorman is unparalleled. As a rule, the cars are not supposed to run down to the beach in the winter time, but if you want to go down ne will take you and come after you on the next trip without extra charge.

The fashionable women who spend their summers in gaseity in this favorite of the season, have appeared to the casual observer to be selfish and careless of the wants of others, but he who visits Newport in winter will find that this little city's poor are better provided for than those of any other city in proportion to its size, as a result of the fact that "Dives" lives there for a season and forgetteth not Lazarus when he departs. Lazarus is largely represented by the thrifty-colored population, yet the rich women who come there for a short time remember only that these same dusky unfortunate have served them, and they leave large sums of money every year in the hands of trusted agents to see that it is wisely expended for the benefit of the poor. In summer, it is easy for the average man or woman of good health to earn a living by working in the fields, as guides, cabmen and the like, not to mention the odd jobs which are done by extra hands on the large estates of the wealthy, but in winter there is nothing to do, and were it not for the contributions of humane and philanthropic millionaires many unfortunates would suffer.

ANNIE LAURIE WOODS.

Omens of W or Woe.

If the scissors fall and stick up in the floor some one is coming, and if you take a piece of bread from the plate when you already have a piece the visitor is coming hungry.

If your ears burn some one is talking of you, and if they burn severely and turn red, the things said are not pleasant. If four people shake hands accidentally cross hands in doing so, one of them is to marry before the year is out. If you fall up stairs, however, there is no chance of a marriage for you in a year.

The red-headed girl and the white horse are proverbial, but if, after you see the red-headed girl, you count the next twenty white horses you see, and add one white mule to the list, you have saved your cash for the future. For the next man you shake hands with you will marry, or the other way, if the one who counts is a man.

The unsavory turkey buzzard is an oracle. Say to him when he is soaring overhead: "Lonely, lovely, and interesting turkey buzzard, who is he who comes to visit me?" Straightaway the "lonely, lovely, and interesting turkey buzzard" will fly off toward the quarter from which the visitor is to come, and from that data you have to judge for yourself.

The stem of an itching palm is older than Shakespeare. The old darlings will tell you to "rub it on wood to make it good," then put it in your pocket without telling anyone, and it will bring you money.

Why the Cash Boy Was Discharged.

It is told of A. T. Stewart, the one time merchant prince of New York, that upon entering his store one morning he sought out the man having the hiring and discharging of the cash boys.

"Mr. Libby," said he, "who is that handsome, bright eyed little boy standing by the counter yonder?"
"His name is Mason, Charles Mason, sir," answered Mr. Libby. "He is indeed a handsome little fellow, and he is as bright and as well mannered as he is handsome. He is the most attentive and most promising boy we have in our employ."

"Yes, I thought as much," said Stewart, gruffly. "Discharge him at once."

"Why, Mr. Stewart?" exclaimed Mr. Libby, with astonishment, "you surely cannot mean it!"

"Discharge him at once, I say," repeated Stewart, sternly. "I'm getting too much interested in that boy. I find myself stopping and talking with him as I come in or go out of the store. His personality interests me—his candor, his intelligence, his enthusiasm, his beauty. I find myself talking of him after I reach my desk and when I should be busy at work. I have no time and no right to become interested in anybody—I must not suffer any liking to distract me from my business. Discharge that boy at once!"



GETTING READY FOR THE BALL